

pioneers of agriculture, from 12,000,000 acres of land, in Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta, are producing already 125,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly. Winnipeg, as a wheat shipping and milling centre, has wrested the laurels of energy and enterprise from Minneapolis, hitherto the great flour and wheat metropolis of the United States.

Canada's magnificent rivers bring down from her unequalled forests timber rafts of a yearly value of \$30,000,000. Canadian fruit and cheese and wheat engage the capacity of whole fleets of freight carrying steamers. In minerals, too, her riches are, perhaps, inexhaustible, embracing gold, silver, copper, coal and the richest nickel deposits known.

Now, to trace the sun's daily path and see why it is that he is always shining on some part of this Empire, spread out the covers of this book and look at the map of the world. All the British possessions, including the Egyptian protectorate, are printed in red excepting a few islands and ports, too small to be shown on this map.

Let us begin at London—"the heart of the Empire"—as it is called. When her eight million dwellers have been but a few hours astir, the sun is waking up the fishermen of Newfoundland. Slowly he creeps up the majestic St. Lawrence, opening a glorious vista of that mighty waterway! On, on to the spacious lakes and the thundering cataracts which flash like jewels at his coming. Soon he smiles on the golden wheat fields of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and thence he gleams over the boundless prairies of Alberta and the North-West, and climbs the snow-clad summits of the Rockies, to shed his genial light and warmth upon the fertile slopes of British Columbia. Next, the light reveals the pasture lands and mountain peaks of New Zealand, and then, in their turn, Australians welcome the glow of the morning sun. Still shining on the British Empire, he rolls on and arouses the islanders in the East Indies! He sweeps over Borneo to open up the bazaars of Calcutta, and all the magic life of India and the Persian Gulf! Then it is daybreak on the African veldt, and in the diamond fields of Kimberley; and before our brethren in the sandy deserts of Egypt, or the jungles of West Africa, have rubbed their eyes, lo, a day and a night have passed, and once again the sun rises over Britain.

It is a glorious, world-embracing panorama; but how small would be the boast of Canadians, or any other of the peoples of the Empire, if they had nothing to be proud of save the size