

with stick in hand setting up their fervid editorials, and then with perspiring brows working off mammoth weeklies on a Washington hand press at the rate of 500 copies per hour. It suggests a great heritage of immense extent and resources, set apart by a bountiful Providence to be the home of a free and progressive people. It suggests—but why pursue this thought?—the toast is Canada, our own land, “beautiful for situation,” as the psalmist said of Jerusalem, “the joy of the whole earth,” the birthplace of many of us—the object of the most affectionate regard of all its citizens, journalists included. Let us walk about this Canada you have so kindly received, and take its measurement that we may realize, if possible, more accurately its extent. Territorially, it is nearly equal in size to the continent of Europe, and contains over one-third of the area of the British Empire, or 430,783 square miles more than the area of the United States, leaving out Alaska. We could find room within its borders for England, Ireland and Scotland (and usually it is advisable to give Irishmen and Scotchmen plenty of room), France and Germany, Portugal and Spain, Scandinavia and Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Turkey, and still leave many thousand acres to farm out to Czar Nicholas III. and his Siberian exiles. Were its lands divided per capita among its inhabitants every man, woman and child would be the proud possessor in fee simple of about 400 acres of real estate with the right to convey the same, subject to succession duties of course, to his or her heirs, administrators, executors and assigns forever. Ontario alone is almost equal to France or Germany in geographical extent, and about one and a half times as large as