

operator, from operator owner, and dies worth a fortune that the barons of the Middle Ages would have drenched their countries in blood to win. The man's name is James Dunsmuir.

Or it is a boy clerking in a departmental store. He emigrates. When he goes back to England it is to marry a lady in waiting to the Queen. He is now known as Lord Mount-Stephen.

What was the secret of the success? Ability in the first place, but in the second, opportunity; opportunity and room for shoulder swing to show what a man can do when keen ability and tireless energy have untrammelled freedom to do their best.

Examples of the *émigrés'* success could be multiplied. It is more than a mere material success; it is eternal proof that, given a fair chance and a square deal and shoulder swing, the boy born penniless can run the race and outstrip the boy born to power.

"Have you, then, no *menial* classes in Canada?" asked a member of the Old Order.

"No, I'm thankful to say," said I.

"Then *who* does the work?"

"The workers."

"But what's the difference?"

"Just this: your menial of the Old Country is the child of a menial, whose father before him was a menial, whose ancestors were in servile positions to other people back as far as you like to go, — to the time when men were serfs wearing an iron collar with the brand of the lord who owned them. With us no stigma is attached to work. *Your* menial expects to be a menial all his life. With our worker, just as sure as the sun rises and sets, if he continues to work and is no fool, he will rise to earn a competency, to improve himself, to own his own labor, to own his own home, to hire the labor of other men who are beginners as he once was himself."

"Then you have no social classes?"

"Lots. The *ups*, who have succeeded; and the *halfway ups*, who are succeeding; and the *beginners*, who are going to succeed; and the *downs*, who never try. And as success does n't necessarily mean money, but doing the best at whatever one tries,