

limitless opportunities, the virgin lands, the untouched resources of Canada, fell into their hands, what wonder is it that both were tempted by the prospects, and that they made up their minds to sail on an early steamer to the land of promise.

First, however, they wrote to James Johnson, whom they remembered as a former neighbor, who had gone to Canada years before, though his letters home since then had been few and far between. This he explained by the remark that he had been too busy. Now, in writing to James Johnson, the two young men had been possessed of similar and also with divergent reasons. The similarity lay in the fact that both wanted information and a confirmatory view of the roseate promises of the immigration pamphlets; while the dissimilarity was to be found lying at the roots of their respective characters. For these were very different. While each found it difficult to get an opening in crowded England, Jack Winter was doing his level best to make one even there; but Theodore Mason was quite content to have made up his mind that, as no such thing existed, it was no good to look for one. And so when they wrote to Johnson, one letter asked him to be kind enough to explain what he considered to be the best manner of going to work for a newly-arrived Englishman, and the other asked whether, as a friend of the family, Johnson could guarantee to find a genteel, well-paid situation for "Yours truly, Theodore Mason."

James Johnson, in his reply, wrote the same letter to them both. He said Canada was the coming country for untold millions, that it was progressing more rapidly than men could be found to fill the openings which imperatively needed filling; that, nevertheless, it was a case of the man being the greater part of the equation; and, in short, that the fellow with the long, strong pull at the oar, and the common-sense view and an eye to the raising of a new-born opportunity, was the one who would reap the benefits. For Jack Winter this was enough; all he asked for was the ghost of a chance. Theodore Mason, on the other hand, thought the "old boy" was a little "rough," and he asked peevishly, "Why couldn't he tell a fellow what he has to offer?"

"But he hasn't anything to offer," replied his neighbor Jack. "All we wanted was to find out if what we've heard about Canada was half-way true. And it is—old Johnson says so; only, a man has to hew out his own trail. Over here there's no room for a new trail. And that's the difference 'twixt there and here."

The upshot was that they both started for Canada on the good ship "Normandia," and after a few days in Montreal, sight-seeing, they lost touch with one another. This was about six months ago, and the doings of our two new visitors have been lost sight of in the interim. However, this week there will arrive in England a couple of letters which do something towards telling the history of each of them since starting out in earnest on the search for a new life-career.

Letter from Theo. Mason.

Toronto, Dec. 15th, 1905.

My dear—

This will be my first Christmas letter away from dear old England. How I miss you all, and how I wish I were once more among you. If only I had enough money, you bet I would soon be there! But in this thieving country, it is a wonder I have enough left to pay postage. I wish I could give you some idea of how these blooming colonials treat a fellow from the old country. If he has any money, their first thought is to get it out of him in some slick way, and their next how to make him slave for nothing. But I'll begin from the beginning. You remember old Johnson. Well, when I first arrived, I went to him, thinking, of course, that, knowing the governor as he did, he would give me something I could catch on to easy. Well, all he did, was to size me up, as they say, and tell me I had better hook on to some

farmer in the country, who would give me \$20 a month and my board for "doing chores." I, of course, told him that I couldn't stand the country or the hard work. Why, would you believe me, a fellow has to get up long before daylight to milk the cows! What I wanted, of course, was a good position in the town. I had heard, you know, that lots of fellows not much older than I were getting £20 and even £50 per month for managing businesses. Old Johnson replied they had worked their way up by degrees, and that their present positions were due to their own energy and fitness. He didn't seem to grasp the fact that I had been to Cambridge, whereas these chaps over here—well, you couldn't expect them, living all their lives in a new place like Canada, to know very much. Anyhow, I soon came to the conclusion that old Johnson was a thick-head who couldn't understand what I had come to Canada for. Would to heaven I hadn't! What do you think one man said to me—he was superintendent of a big works here in Toronto, to whom I applied for something to do when my money gave out. He said he didn't approve of Englishmen for jobs in his department, as so often they were no good! That's pretty saucy for a blamed colonial, eh? And then, when he did finally engage me on trial, he said the first time he heard of me making a fool of myself through beer, he would discharge me. How's that for cheek?—but I know who put him up to that idea. It was—where I worked two or three days last month. I must close now, in the hope that some kind friend will send me enough for my passage-money home. Canada is no good, and you can warn any fellows who talk of coming not to believe a word they hear about it. That's a straight tip from

Yours truly,
THEODORE MASON.

P.S.—I heard the other day that Jack Winter was working even harder than he would have to in England, but then Jack always was a bit of a fool.

Letter From Jack Winter.

Winnipeg, Dec. 12th, 1905.

Dear—

There's so much to do that I am afraid I have not time to write you much of a letter. But Canada is a great country. All you have to do is to take the work that's offered—and generally you can pick and choose. I could have found something in Montreal or Toronto if I had waited around a little, but thought the best thing for me to do was to take the first thing. This happened to be on a farm in Manitoba, for which Johnson recommended me—you remember old Johnson?—a splendid old fellow, who has worked his way up from nothing to a half million in the last twenty years—well, this farmer offered me \$15 and board for the first month just to see what I could do. Since then I have been on six months' contract at \$25, and have learned quite a bit of the way they farm. The old boy wanted me to stay on for another year, and I was tempted to do so, for this country is wonderful for farming. But I came to the conclusion that I could make more during the winter in the city. In fact, I had a good offer. What I want to do is to save enough by working either in the city or on a farm to buy land for myself. And there's not the slightest trouble about it. Dozens have already done it, but of course they have had to work hard. That's the quickest way out of it, however, so far as concerns

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JACK WINTER.

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