

The worthy fellow stared and scratched his chin.

"Nova Scotia," he replied, not without difficulty, "an' where might that be, sir?"

Here his intelligent little niece—a half-baked product of the Board School, came to the rescue.

"Don't you see, uncle Bob, the gentleman's only 'aving a little joke with you? Nova Scotia is an unin'abited island in the Arctic Ocean!"

Now, Saskatchewan is between 4000 and 5000 miles from England; Nova Scotia is less than half the distance, long-peopled, storied, picturesque to the eye. Both are Canada—both are crying out for immigrants. Yet the one stands almost solely for Canada in the mind of the prospective emigrant, and the other he confuses with Nova Zembla! Could you demand a more striking tribute to the powers of advertisement? For alone of the Canadian Provinces those on the Atlantic seaboard had not shared in the astounding uplift, "the spectacular development," which has characterised the Dominion since 1896. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants poured into the country, past the forests, orchards, and valleys of what has been aptly called "Canada's front door." It was decreed that they should be carried on to where there were lands to sell and wheat to be freighted; and so they travelled westward—"gone farther and fared worse" in many cases, although serving an undeniably good end in buttressing and giving body to the lately invertebrate trunk of the Dominion, of which Nova Scotia is undeniably the "head."

But this condition could not endure: the reaction has