PROSPECTS GOOD FOR IMMIGRATION SEASON

BRITISHERS EXPECTED IN INCREASING NUMBERS

Strong Conviction Throughout Canada That Growth in Population is Most Desirable.

The opening of navigation on the St. Lawrence is expected to usher in the greatest immigration season Canada has experienced since 1914. The total volume of immigration to the Dominion in 1923 was 137,681, as compared with 70,153 in the previous calendar year, an increase for the twelve months of 95 per cent. There was an increase of 126 per cent. in the case of British immigration; United States movement recorded a decrease of 14 per cent.; while the movement from all other countries taken together increased by 119 per cent. Predictions are freely made that the influx of new citizens to Canada in 1924 will record a further increase of 100 per cent. or so, which, should they prove correct, will result in the entry of some 280,000 people to Canada, or a volume approaching that of the days of 1913 and 1914, when Canadian immigration reached its zenith.

Such estimates are not extravagantly sanguine. Taking every pertinent actor into consideration, there is no logical reason why these figures should not be reached. Canada is without any doubt on the threshold of a new and very promising era in immigration affairs and it is impossible to foretell the proportions of a future movement. At the time of writing the figures of only one month of 1924 have been published, one which is relatively quiescent in a popular movement. Yet January, 1924, has recorded an increase of 56 per cent. over 1923 in the total of immigration, whereas the corresponding month last year indicated an increase of 6 per cent. only.

British Immigration.

A vastly increased immigration in 1924 is inevitable. The general feeling on the subject alone in Canada practically assures it. The Dominion's attitude on the matter and its bearing on national economics has undergone a virtual revolution, and in addition to a great stimulation of interest and a keying up, there is a practical unison on the beneficial effects and necessity of promoting immigration by all possible means, and therefore a unity of activity and more general action than has been seen since the conclusion of the war. The Canadian governments, the railways, national, patriotic and benevolent societies are all working for the same object, and in addition new and novel channels, created in 1923 to supplement the voluntary tide, are functioning at greater efficiency this year.

British immigration, which last year recorded an increase of 126 per cent. over the previous year, should this year in all reason show an even higher rate of increase. Canada has gone a considerable distance in encouraging the British movement above all others, in opening the door as wide as possible making concessions of various orders, and facilitating entry by every means. Taking this in conjunction with the very apparent desire of so many British people to emigrate, and the agreeable attention Canada is again receiving, there should be a tremendous flow of people from the British Isles to the Canadian provinces throughout the spring and summer.

United States and Central Europe.

There is general expectation of a tide of agricultural immigration from the United States to Canada this summer, reversing the tendency of 1923 statistics. Preliminary indications of the winter and early spring show the eyes of many middle western farmers turned Canadawards. Depressing farming conditions, the high prices of farm lands, and high farm taxation is largely accounting for this. The conclusions reached by the United States tariff commission after long and searching investigation, that the Canadian farmer can produce wheat at a substantially lower rate than the American farmer, has naturally not been without its effect. The remarkable crop production of Western Canada in 1923, particularly the extraordinary yield of Alberta, which is believed to have constituted a world's record, together with the Prairie Provinces' unusually heavy aggregation of winnings at the Chicago International, has tended to throw this territory once more in the limelight.

It is anticipated that immigration from Central Europe will be heavier. The knowledge that Canada is throwing her doors wider open and is making every endeavor to secure agricultural immigrants naturally has a pronounced effect on people seeking fresh spheres for their endeavors, and the effects of the United States quota law inevitably react to Canada's benefit. There is little doubt, with this U.S. quota law in force, but that at the present time Canada is looming large in the minds of European immigrants as the land of opportunity, and that they are realizing that the Dominion stands to-day in the place the United States did a century or so ago, and should be where the United States is to-day in a century or less.

The prospect is much brighter for Canada at the present time, and one of the most gratifying features of the situation is the general unity of agreement on the desirability of further immigration which is resulting in a general and united activity. After being divided for years the conviction is to all intents universal that a steadily maintained growth in population is absolutely necessary to Canada to keep pace with productivity in its many lines of natural wealth.

This huge section of a log was part of the exhibit that Canada has sent for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. It was by far the hardest that the men had to handle, weighing over four tons.

Royal Wireless.

A wireless set, especially designed for the King by the Chief Engineer of the British Broadcasting Company, was recently installed in Buckingham Palace.

This set has some novel features. For instance, the aerial and earth are formed by copper-plate, let into the top part of the cabinet and into the lower part close to the floor. There is thus no need to make any external connections at all.

The set, which works a loud speaker, embodies two high-frequency valves, one detecting and three resistance capacity not magnifiers. The doors are of open-work construction, filled in with semi-transparent silk panels of Royal purple.

Mrs. James A. Wilson, known as the "mother of Australia's children" and a member of the Australian court, has arrived on this continent to study juvenile court methods and procedure.

On a Sudden Disturbance.

A tumult in the kitchen! Cup and cup
Ring out their protest. Glasses jingling wake
The silence, and the Dutch clock chokes a tick,
The candle flickers, and down droops the wick.
The gray cat starts and stiffly arches up,
And wonders wild eyed at the noise they make.

Tumult grows silent. Kettle gently sings.
The candle burns with steady flame and takes
The leaping shadows from the wall, and draws
Them firm and still. The cat with outstretched paws
Purrs by the fender dreaming happy things,
Bravely the kettle thrills and bubbling makes
A firesong. Glasses gleam; the china winks
In flamelight, and the Dutch clock stares and thinks.

—V. C. Clinton-Baddeley.

Dr. Gonzalo Cordova
Was recently chosen as the president of the Republic of Ecaudor at the recent national elections. He has long been in the public eye of his people and is considered the only logical man for the post.

Pictures in the Sky.

Before the yellow sun has set
Or shadows gathered round as yet,
I like to watch the clouds on high
With filmy figures flitting by.

Sometimes a dancing clown I spy
With peaked cap and twinkling eye,
And then again I see a boat,
With all its gleaming sails, afloat.

At times a king upon a throne
Is seated silent and alone.
More often, though, a lady fair
In trailing robes I see up there.

I wonder where they go at last—
They always hurry up so fast!
Perhaps they gather in the moon
And feast and dance to merry tune.

But still I somehow think it's true
That they are people just like you—
The sky a great big looking-glass
To catch their pictures as they pass.

—Eugenia T. Quickenden.

Prompt Action Necessary.

Doctor—"Well, Mr. Jackson, how are you feeling this morning?"

Mr. Jackson—"Much better, thank you. The only thing that troubles me is my breathing."

Doctor—"Um, yes. We must see if we can't get something to stop that."

Yielding is sometimes the best way of succeeding.

MONTREAL'S FUR AUCTION

The Canadian fur auction sale which took place in Montreal in February was termed by those who conducted it and those who attended the most successful held since the inauguration of Canadian sales four years ago. Well over three hundred fur buyers were present, a record number coming from the United States, a good representation from Europe, including the first buyers from Germany to attend, and representatives from Siberia and Manchuria.

The Canadian fur auction sales have definitely achieved for Canada a noteworthy and enviable place in the fur industry and one which logically Canada should have occupied years ago. Canada as the world's prime producer of superior pelts should be the market for this same produce, and since the establishment of the sales it has been proven that the Dominion can attract buyers from the corners of the world by reason of the magnitude and quality of her fur collections. Since the first fur sale was held in Montreal in 1920 furs to the value of $18,866,500 have been auctioned off at the tri-annual sales.

Canada's rapidly achieved dominance in the fur trade is further evidenced in a very significant announcement, which is to the effect that at the spring fur sale at Montreal the Hudson's Bay Company will offer a limited quantity of its raw furs for auction, and that if results are satisfactory the experiment will be renewed in future years. For two and a half centuries the Hudson's Bay Company's raw furs have been first offered to the public in London, and their semi-annual fur auctions have for generations determined the price of pelts for the world. The new policy is, therefore, by way of being an acknowledgment of Canada's reasonable right to market her own produce within her own domain.

It is interesting to note the manner in which Canada's export trade in furs has grown since the beginning of the century. In 1901 the Dominion exported furs to the value of $1,658,965; in 1905 to $2,398,890; in 1914, $5,622,546; in 1917, $5,856,714; in 1919, $13,737,621; in 1920, $20,921,871; in 1921, $12,230,444; and in 1922, $14,978,199. The decreasing values in recent years have been attributable to a drop in market values rather than to diminishing quantity.

It is significant to note that the increase is not wholly accounted for in the greater volume of undressed furs exported, though this is naturally the item of major importance, but that a greater volume of furs is being shipped from the country dressed and in a manuactured state. The value of dressed fur exports in 1901 was $33,353; in 1914, $11,550; in 1917, $70,747; in 1920, $94,688; and in 1922, $41,013. Manufactured furs rose from $13,134 in 1901 to $53,070 in 1914; to $161,347 in 1917; to $199,174 in 1920; and, on account of dwindling values, dropped to $144,899 in 1922.

Royal Robes.

Sir Harry Johnston in the Story of My Life tells his experiences with many African headsmen and chiefs. A few whom he encountered in the region of old Calabar were chiefs or kings of the Efik tribes; two of them were known by the curious titles of King Eyo Honesty VII. of Creek Town and King Duke Ephraim IX. of Duke Town. Both "Duke" and "Ephraim" were probably traders' corruptions of native names of somewhat similar sound. "Honesty" was an inherited second name, fairly earned by its original bearer some hundred years earlier. Two other native rulers were John Boko Cobham V. and Asibon Edem III.

"All these chiefs spoke English more or less," says Sir Harry, "and John Boko Cobham struck me as a shrewd, well-instructed man, a natural lawyer versed not only in the intricate native code but also acquainted with the main principles of English jurisprudence. Despite such abilities and accomplishments both John Boko and Asbon vacillated in clothing, sometimes donning royal robes trimmed with real or imitation ermine and not infrequently appearing at my house in nothing more pretentious than a yachting cap."

King Duke Epraim IX. was at first even more unconventional, since until the consul remonstrated with him he would pay an official call at the consulate with simply a tall hat on! After his attention had been called to the want of respect that his lack of clothing implied the costumes he later wore at official meetings were disturbing to every one's gravity of countenance.

"The last time I saw him, when he came to bid me good-by in May, 1888," Sir Harry concludes, "he wore pink tights, a cabman's many-caped coat, a red chimney-pot hat and blue spectacles!"

All in the Meaning.

Mrs. Peck—"Oh, Henry, what does the word 'contract' mean?"

Mr. Peck—"It means to make smaller, my dear. For instance, heat expands and cold contracts."

Mrs. Peck—"Then it's all right. Harry told me he was contracting some heavy debts, and I was nervous till you explained it."

Faultfinders are never out of a job.

The Pawnbroker's Limit.

A housewife, who had engaged a country girl whom she regarded as a very unsophisticated person, told her one morning to "'take those clothes out of the back bedroom and put them in soak."

The girl was missing for some time, and the mistress thought she must have forgotten her task.

Going into the kitchen, she asked: "Did you put those clothes in soak, Mary?"

"Yes, mum, and the mean old fellow would only give me fifteen dollars on 'em."

A little too late is much too late.

Chivalry in Silence.

Courtesy is not only a matter of speech; we may observe the forms of politeness in what we say and yet miss its essence, perhaps because we are not willing to listen to others.

For instance, when old people are speaking the majority of us are frankly impatient. Grandpa perhaps is about to launch an anecdote. It may be as ancient as the hills—it probably is—but that is no reason for our scarcely-concealed boredom. If we were truly courteous we would listen with a good grace, as though we really were interested.

But youth, nowadays, seldom stops to consider other people's feelings; and sometimes the old folk—and middle-aged folk, too, for that matter—are hardly allowed even a share in conversation.

If they do attempt to take part in the talk someone says: "Oh, please spare us that story—it's so ancient." Whereupon aunt, or grannie, lapses into a hurt silence, while the young people prattle merrily on. More pain than one would imagine is given by remarks of this kind; for by such means those older than ourselves are made to feel their age, to realize that they are "out of things."

Willing or unwilling, the old are thus relegated to the background, and the knowledge that they are superfluous hurts. For, dull as we may think them in some ways, they are not slow to discover when they are not wanted.

The other day, in a boarding-house, an old lady of eighty-four, who was all alone, said, rather wistfully: "You see, the old people don't matter."

Can we not make the old feel that they are wanted—can we not try to make old age a time of happy and peaceful waiting for the end which comes so very soon? This would be showing true courtesy and, perhaps, it would not be so very boring after all. For those older than ourselves have a wider store of experience than our own, and some of them, at least, can talk very charmingly of what they have seen and the people whom they have met.

Memories.

Sometimes a shadow from the past
Falls on my heart;
Love smiles and laughter rings in vain;
All light and music from my world depart.
Sometimes a shadow from the past
Darkens me so
I cannot see, because someone I loved
Shed tears long years ago.

Sometimes the sunshine from the past
Streams round my head;
Again in ecstasy I breathe
The fragrant flowers that now long since are dead.
And though the twilight hour be dark,
Ice-bound and drear,
I thrill and glow, because someone I loved
Was glad that yesteryear.

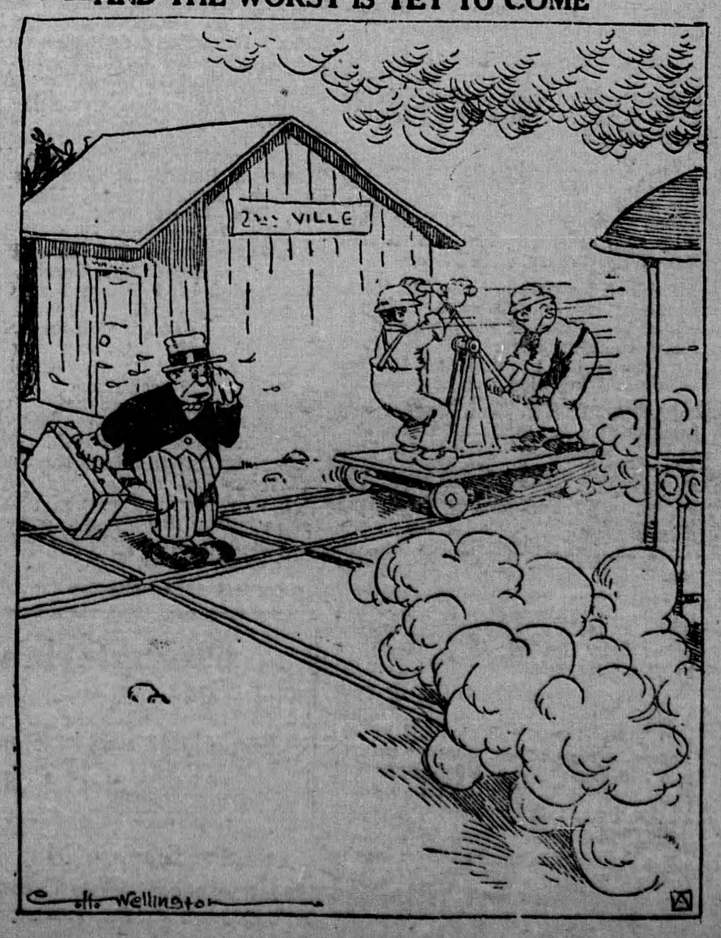
J. Breckenridge Ellis.

What Puzzled Him.

A motorist gave an old farmer a ride in his car. It was years ago, and the farmer, who had never seen a car before, was tremendously impressed. To impress him still more, the motorist put his foot on the accelerator, and for six or seven miles they tore along like the wind. Then something went wrong with the steering gear and they ran into a tree.

But no harm was done. The farmer and the motorist alighted on a bank of moss. The car seemed unhurt.

"That was fine," said the farmer, as he got up and filled his pipe. "We sartinly went the pace. Tell me this, though—how do you stop her when there hain't no trees?"

He that loveth pureness of heart for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME