

The Trade of the Orient

At the great Banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade, Mr. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, made the following interesting speech:

I deem it a high honour that I should have been called upon to speak a second time at an annual banquet of the Board of Trade of Toronto to the toast of the "Commercial Interests of Canada."

Four or five years ago the commerce of Canada was bounded on the West by the great lakes. Now it extends to the Pacific, and beyond the Pacific to Asia.

The horizon of Canadian trade has widened more during the last four or five years than that of any other country in four times four years.

Letter idea of its rapid extension than by telling you what I saw one day last summer at the new city of Vancouver, not yet counting its third year.

At one time there were five great ocean steamers receiving and discharging cargoes there. On the new docks were great piles of merchandise, great quantities of teas, of silks, and many curious packages awaiting shipment eastward.

But better than all were the great quantities of cotton from Halifax and Hochelaga, cheese from Perth, flour from Qu'Appelle, and machinery from Toronto, consigned to Yokohama, Shanghai, and Hong Kong.

Even had I the gift of words I would not dare describe the future of the commerce of Canada as I see it. I would not have dared five years ago to have pointed in imagination to the picture I have just described on the wharves of Vancouver, which is only the first hesitating step in the commerce of Canada towards the Orient.

The great arteries of trade, however, are extending day by day, and every day opens up to us new markets for our products, our manufactures, and our trade.

Our cities are growing with wonderful rapidity. The tide of immigration, which a few years ago set so strongly from Ontario to the Western States, has been turned to our own North-West, where it adds to the wealth of the country instead of depleting it.

The stream of immigration from Great Britain and from Europe towards Canada is steadily and rapidly increasing, and I see nothing in the conditions surrounding us that does not point to continuous and great prosperity.

But notwithstanding that much has been done, some things remain to be done. I was most happy to hear what the honourable gentleman who just preceded me has said about the intentions of the Government in regard to an Atlantic steamship service.

to the skull, which diminish in size by frequent branching as they converge toward the top of the head. They are in a most favorable position to be compressed, lying on unyielding bone and covered by thin skin.

Consider what effect must be produced by a close fitting, heavy rigid hat; its pressure must lessen to a certain extent the flow of arterial blood, and obstruct to a greater extent the return of the venous; the result being a sluggish circulation in the capillaries around the hair follicles and bulbs, a consequent impairment of nutrition, and final atrophy.

This pressure is not trivial or imaginary, as any one will admit who has noticed the red band of congestion on the forehead when a hard hat is removed after moderate exercise.

A Child's Orv. My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell my fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for my youngest—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll.

I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as I was, I started for home. I might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well; and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or may be six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of the hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough I found the little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. I had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh, don't tell him," she said. "It will kill him." "What is it, neighbors?" I cried. "Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have in your arms?" "A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

New Year Resolutions

Among the good resolutions appropriate for the New Year the following are recommended as eminently adapted to make the signer a better man and the world around him happier.

For the next twelve months I— solemnly promise that I will— (1) Not talk politics. (2) Carefully refrain from speaking of Christmas as Xmas. (3) Not keep my seat in a crowded car while ladies are standing up. (4) When telling a story not to repeat the point of it several times in order to impress it more deeply on the minds of the suffering listeners. (5) Always shut the door. (6) Never wear squeaky boots when I go to church. (7) Say no evil of anybody. (Signed)

Sir John and Prof Wiggins. An amusing incident occurred in the course of the Governor-General's reception at Ottawa on New Year's day. After Prof. Wiggins had been introduced to his Excellency and was passing the Crown Ministers with a bow, Sir John Macdonald stepped nimbly forward and, offering his hand, said aloud: "Why, Wiggins, you go by like a comet." This created a suppressed laugh, in which his Excellency joined, but the professor was equal to the occasion, for he said:—"Comets always go swiftly by the sun." Subsequently he remarked that he was greatly obliged to the Prime Minister for catching him at perihelion.—[Montreal Gazette.]

They Gave Him the Earth. Tourist (to Dakota citizen)—"Do you know a man around here by the name of James Crow?" Dakota Citizen—"Jim Crow! Yaas, I knowed him very well." Tourist—"Can you tell me where I'll find him?" Dakota Citizen—"Yaas, he's planted down ther by ther river." Tourist—"Dead?" Dakota Citizen—"Yaas, he jumped Ole Toffinson's claim. He seemed to sorter want the earth an' he got it."—[San Francisco Call.]

An Anxious Outlook. We go on to increase in numbers and in wealth, but the republic is to receive, perhaps, its severest test in the opening year, of the century upon which we are entering in adapting these numbers and wealth to its system. There is a large unintelligent vote at the North as well as at the South, of the country. If the one is suppressed by force, or fraudulently deprived of representations the other is not without objectionable influence.

The wealth of the country comes in here as its danger. The nation has just seen how easily wealth may be employed to affect a national election. A serious question is as to whether this is the beginning of a practice that is to increase, and, if so, if our Government is strong enough to bear the strain thus put upon it. The final problem to confront the people in the second century of the republic is, therefore, that involved in the preservation of sound and judicious government while the suffrage is so widely shared by unintelligent people and the power of money is so potent in it. It is a serious one.—[Boston Herald.]

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Mock Modesty. The prudish Philistinism recently displayed by a number of people in Norwich, Conn., has made that town the laughing stock of America. One of the wealthy citizens of the place had given a large sum of money to found a fine art museum; and completed his generosity by purchasing several beautiful statues in Europe to form a nucleus for a collection. As soon as the statues arrived and it was found that some of them exhibited the human form divine in an undraped condition, the apostles of mock modesty raised a great outcry and would not allow the works of art to enter the museum till they had been mutilated to suit their taste.

The suffering and loss of life caused by the burning of railway cars after collisions have made it certain that some time, cars would have to be made of incombustible material. This desired end seems now to have been reached. A steel fire-proof car was tested in Chicago a few days ago. It gave perfect satisfaction. The cost of it is less than that of a wooden car and its weight is between ten and twenty per cent. less.

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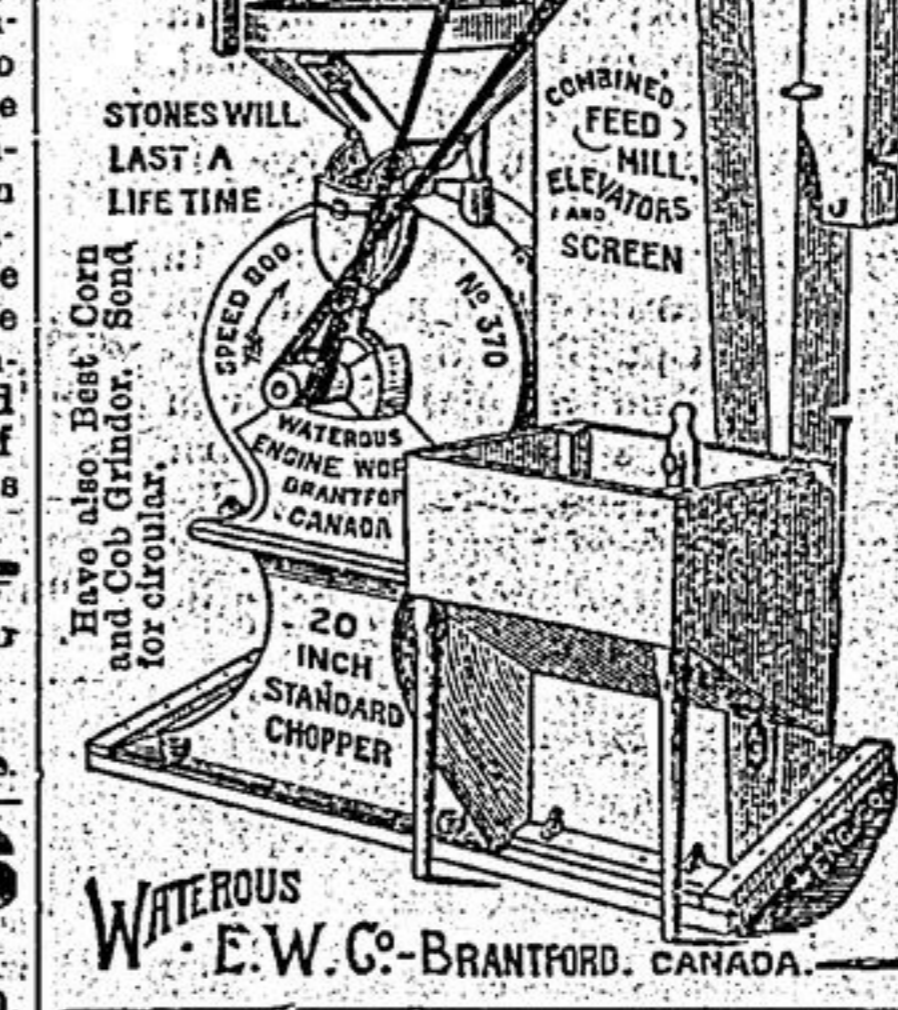
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