

variety? In recent years especially, your daily bread has been of the God-*strafe*-the-French type. Were you to believe some of our most vociferous slanderers, the yellow scare, even the German scare, were nothing compared to the French scare. For instance, the ringing appeal of the Grand Master of the Orange Lodge is still in your ears, threatening in Hohenzollern tones to raise 250,000 old men in one month's time to crush down any attempt to establish a French Republic in the Province of Quebec! It is to laugh! Who ever thought of such a silly notion as the Republic of Quebec?

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Extremes meet. We have our cranks as you have yours. In every free country, are always to be found a certain number of troublesome demagogues, hot-headed enough to take advantage of the liberty of speech—the enjoyment of which we are so proud of—to make themselves conspicuous by their appeals to racial or religious fanaticism, or by their disloyal clamorings. Those are accidental excrescences, tumors if you like, but no criterion of the normal health of the body. Would you judge of England by its Bernard Shaws? It would be as illogical to judge of Quebec by its Bourassas. Neither do I hold your average responsible for the periodical bursts of wild talk of the Orange Lodge which year after year, since time immemorial, keeps on rehashing the same old time stories about Popery, with the difference that the Battle of the Boyne, which was waged