

She has lands unknown to summer,  
 But she keeps them for a park  
 For such as find little Europe  
 Too small for ambition's mark.  
 She keeps them to pleasure Nansen,  
 For a Franklin to repose,  
 But they lie remote from the marts and home  
 Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

True, she has somewhere, sometime  
 Winters when keen winds bite,  
 And in the frosty heavens  
 Gleams the auroral light ;  
 When in the drifted forest  
 She counts the ringing blows  
 Of the axe that reaps a harvest  
 For "Our Lady of the Snows."

But while the sturdy Briton  
 Still shivers in east winds,  
 The winter flees, and the rivers  
 No more the ice king binds,  
 And blossom calls unto blossom  
 And each its fair form shows  
 In the land that is called by Kipling  
 "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has woods of pine and maple,  
 Where England might be lost ;  
 She has ports that are ever open  
 To ships that are tempest tossed ;  
 She has fields of wheat unbounded,  
 Where the whole horizon glows,  
 And the hot sun laughs to hear her styled  
 "Our Lady of the Snows."

She has vineyards hanging heavy  
 With clustering purple and white,  
 And the velvet peach in its swaying nest  
 Fills the gardener with delight.  
 She can pluck, if she will, at Yuletide  
 In the balmy air, the rose,  
 And her people smile when they hear her called  
 "Our Lady of the Snows."

The wire that brought that message  
 On lightning under the sea  
 Had been too short to bear it  
 To her furthest boundary.  
 Not by a heedless phrasing  
 Of catchword, verse or prose,  
 Can the truth be told of the vast domain  
 Of "Our Lady of the Snows."

This country has in the past suffered from the idea prevalent in England that Canada is a land of snow, where one has to go around the whole time clad in furs to avoid being frozen, instead of a country endowed with the finest climate in the world. Canada is peculiarly attractive for many reasons, but for me—and that is the experience of every healthy man—her greatest attraction is her climate. Much as I enjoy her summer, I can safely say that her winters are no less enjoyable. Of course, when a great genius, one of the most marvellous literary men that England has produced, one of the most variously gifted literary men in the Empire, sends out a poem describing Canada as a country whose chief characteristic is that she is snow-bound, and describes her as par excellence, the Lady of the Snows, the designation cannot fail to have great influ-

Mr. DAVIN.

ence. Why, it would be more correct, if one could find an apt and concise phrase, to describe her as rich in vineyards, rich in mines, rich in cornfields, rich in harbours, rich in broad and deep-flowing rivers and inland seas. It would require something of the felicitous genius for expression of the hon. First Minister to do full justice to the climate of Canada, and when a member of this House gives this poem a place in "Hansard," and title "Our Lady of the Snows," as though it were a fitting and correct description, I feel it necessary—and I do it at the request of prominent Canadians—to enrich "Hansard" with Mr. Weir's reply. It is not necessary to do it. The words of Lord Salisbury, if he spoke of Canada, would be widely read, as would the words of any of the leading masters of prose in England, but they would not be as universally read as the words of Rudyard Kipling, who has become one of the most widely welcomed writers in modern prose or poetry. I do not wish to be understood as resenting Mr. Kipling's song, which after all has a true inspiration, but it is absolutely necessary that we should protest against Canada being described to England and the world as Our Lady of the Snows, when we know she is rather a lady that basks in the brightest of summers, and who, either in winter or summer, is dowered with all that can render a country attractive and make life pleasant. I move, Mr. Speaker, the adjournment of the House.

The PRIME MINISTER (Mr. Laurier). I do not know that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's description of Canada as Our Lady of the Snows is the most apt he could have selected, but we are all accustomed to poetical exaggeration, and even this House has occasionally had evidence of it. We know that poets are very much given to license, and if they exaggerate or take license no one objects very seriously. So far, at all events, no one has objected, but I think I should interpose an objection now, and that is to allowing the business of the House to be taken up by the poets. We have had too many motions of adjournment similar to the present one during this session. In fact we have had some men, other than poets, rising to move the adjournment of the House and then taking their seats and forgetting the purpose they had risen for. I earnestly hope that we shall have less poetry and more business.

The MINISTER OF FINANCE (Mr. Fielding). Is it not a fact that this phrase, "Our Lady of the Snows," applied to Canada, which the hon. gentleman regards as libellous, originated with a very distinguished member of the Conservative party?

Mr. McNEILL. I desire just to say a word with reference to what has fallen from my hon. friend on the other side of the House (Mr. Laurier). He referred yesterday to me