

with which you were imperfectly acquainted, had recently resigned office and had been succeeded by somebody else. But I think you will now give us this credit as regards our English and Scottish Press, that you will find ample, well-informed articles on all subjects relating to colonial affairs, which show both an interest and an enthusiasm which is extremely gratifying to the Imperialist.

Imperial Defence.

Now you will forgive me if I come next and at once to what is by far the most vital topic that you will have to discuss at this Conference or which concerns our Empire as a whole — I mean that of Imperial defence. I do not know that in some ways I have ever seen a condition of things in Europe so remarkable, so peaceful, and in some respects so ominous as the condition which exists at this moment. There is a hush in Europe, a hush in which you may almost hear a leaf fall to the ground. There is an absolute absence of any questions which ordinarily lead to war. One of the great Empires which is sometimes supposed to menace peace

is entirely engrossed with its own internal affairs. Another great Eastern empire which furnished a perpetual problem to statesmen has taken a new lease of life and youth in searching for constitutional peace and reform. All forbodes peace; and yet at the same time, combined with this total absence of all questions of friction, there never was in the history of the world so threatening and so overpowering a preparation for war. That is a sign which I confess I regard as most ominous. For 40 years it has been a platitude to say that Europe is an armed camp, and for 40 years it has been true that all the nations have been facing each other armed to the teeth, and that has been in some respects a guarantee of peace. Now, what do we see? Without any tangible reason we see the nations preparing new armaments. They cannot arm any more men on land, so they have seek new armaments upon the sea, piling up these enormous preparations as if for some great Armageddon—and that in a time of profoundest peace. We live in the midst of what I think was called by Petrarch *tacens bellum*—a silent warfare, in

If all the careless men were to leave it
to us to look after their clothes—
there would be more well
dressed men than there are

MARTINS
MY WARDROBE @
MY VALET

THE NEW METHOD

224 SPARKS ST.

Phone 25

W. F. BOWDEN MARTIN, Rep.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.