

bitious effort at Empire building was doomed to fall into the limbo of lost causes. The Tory party at length dropped Balfour who was the last of the old guard, and Law was chosen in the hope that he might in some way, out of the commercial union impasse, lead them to the promised land of office. At this point the Kaiser took over the portfolio of Imperial foreign politics and in the twinkling of an eye did more, by means of war, for the sisterhood of commonwealths than statesmanship could have done in a century. India, Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand leaped to arms. Men and money poured out like a tide. The experience in the Boer war had done something towards establishing the consciousness of the sisterhood. One would imagine that fortune made it a stepping stone, an apprenticeship, a novitiate to this greater effort required in 1914.

In this great melting-pot of war politics are made; differences are sunk; affections are found; and from it will come forth a commonwealth and a comity that will exist in one way or another as long as lasts the English tongue. They will be one in war and they will be one in peace. There will be, no doubt, as there is now to a limited extent, preferences and rebates, that even commercially will be to their mutual advantages. And, too, there will be in addition to the political conferences of colonial premiers from time to time for purposes of consultation a deputation, as to numbers regulated by the population, sent to Westminster every time the mother of Parliaments meets from every one of the oversea commonwealths. Mr. Borden has already sat in the Privy Council. It will be a proportional representation of minorities in a very new and strict sense and will be a lesson to the world along the lines of that rather novel idea. While few compared with the six hundred odd in Westminster, their voices diapasoned by the ocean, will be listened to in great silence, and what they say will have great weight with the powers that be; for there was one, Lord North, who recked not of the ocean nor heard its potent voice, and English history execrates his name. Another reason why English statesmen will listen with seeming and later real modesty was expressed some years ago by Lord Roseberry, when he said most probably if we hadn't lost the thirteen colonies the capital of the Empire would be to-day in New York. Maybe that remark was not politic or palatable, from the man of the lonely furrow, but it was very near the truth. When Canada has 50,000,000 people, say at the end of this century, it will be hard to say where the centre of the political gravity of the Empire will be. Most probably in British Columbia. But even just now