



A NEW KIND OF JOUSTING AT TOURNAMENT

Pillow Fights on Horseback indulged in by Members of the Toronto Hunt Club at a recent Gymkhana.

Member for St. Johns and Iberville



Mr. Joseph Demers, M.P.

JET-BLACK hair and a sparkling eye, a polished cane and a peak load of affability, Mr. Joseph Demers, M. P. for St. Johns and Iberville, P. Q., dropped into the offices of the *CANADIAN COURIER* the other day. Mr. Demers was in talking humour; in fact he usually is: and he had something to say well worth while to consider.

In the first place Mr. Demers represents two constituencies, of which three-quarters of the voters speak French with some English, and the other quarter speak English with some French. Therefore he gets a bi-lingual point of view which in any discussion of racial problems in Canada is highly illuminating. Mr. Demers knows his constituents. Trust a French-speaking member for that. St. Johns and Iberville may be a big circuit since its amalgamation in 1896, but the shrewd lawyer with the bushy black hair and the beaming eye knows how to get over the roads and into the ideas of his people. He has been three years at St. Johns; elected in a bye-election to replace his brother, now Mr. Justice Demers. He was born at Henriville, P. Q.; his father was M. L. A. for Iberville. He was educated at St. Hyacinthe and Montreal; for a time he lived in DeLorimer near Montreal—being town attorney. And it was very likely in Montreal, the greatest mixing-place of French and English in the world, that Mr. Demers acquired some of his cosmopolitan versatility.

The ideas set forth by Mr. Demers to the *COURIER* were not a preachment. They were rather a casual expression of his personality—genial, discursive and convincing. There is nothing parochial about Joseph Demers. He represents the Quebec of the twentieth century; and that is as different from the old feudal Quebec as modern France of the tricolour is from the old provinces of the *fleur de lis*.

"You see in Quebec we travel far more now than used to be the case," he said in fluent English. "We have mercantile relations not only in Quebec, but all over Canada. We are progressive. It would not do, you know, to leave all the business of the country to the English-speaking people. Our people are becoming wealthier. Our business men are extending their mercantile horizon. We are what you might call in modern language—'mixing it up more'; cosmopolitan perhaps. Your English-speaking people send their travellers to Quebec. We are glad to see them. We reciprocate by sending our men west and east. That is business; sentiment also perhaps. We want more English-speaking people to come to

Quebec. We desire intercourse. Yes, yes, I know it has been the custom to consider us parochial. That is not so. Why, since I have been in Toronto I have met six or seven of my own acquaintances from Quebec all within an hour or two. They are here on business. And look! five hundred of our French people are going to British Columbia to the saw-mills on the Columbia River. That is travel. In the West do you not find many French?"

Mr. Demers was reminded that it used to be the custom for French-Canadians to go abroad; to the cotton-mills and the shoe factories of New England.

"Ah, yes, I remember. But that was not business. That was to the country a loss; and it was not even good for sentiment. But that is over. Our people do not go to the States now. They are better off at home. Our farmers are doing well. When we have families too large for Quebec we send them elsewhere in Canada. That is far better. We are getting the modern way. In Quebec we believe in the broad unity of Canada. We are Canadians first. When Imperial matters are to be discussed—Canada is our first consideration; not French Canada remember, but the whole of Canada the empire of the provinces."

Mr. Demers was emphatic on this point.

"On the other hand," he said quickly, "remember this—and it is important. This will help you to comprehend better the peculiarities of our Province and of our people. There is a difference. We do not deny it. It is better for all of us that there should be a difference. So that we each in our own way contribute to the life and the ideas of the country at large."

"And what is the difference to which you refer?"

"Well, it is this. You have heard of Quebec as the most inflammable province. You have understood our people as an excitable people carried away by every wind of doctrine and stimulated to be theatrical and spectacular—and in this way you have come to think perhaps that we are a very volatile people."

"And you think—otherwise?"

"I am sure it is not true. Quebec is the most conservative province in the Dominion of Canada."

"Uh—Liberal-conservative perhaps?"

"Ah, but I do not mean in politics. I mean temperament."

And it is temperament that bulks so large to the French-Canadian. Here is where personality counts. Mr. Demers went on to make himself clear. He specified.

"Remember," he said vigorously, "remember in Ontario, your English-speaking level-headed province, what doctrines and infatuations have stamped you."

"You refer to—what for instance?"

"Ah! Take the Granger movement for instance. Where did that originate but in Ontario? It spread across the province. It reached the Ottawa. There it stopped. Quebec would not be stamped by the movement. Take the Patrons of Industry. That was a movement to disrupt the old parties. It started in Ontario. It got to the St. Lawrence—and it

was rolled back again. Consider the Protestant Protective Association—"

"Well, of course, we should have expected you to send that back, Mr. Demers."

"Certainly. And so we did. And municipal ownership has never made headway in Quebec. It has stampeded other parts of the country. I tell you we are not inflammable; not revolutionary. We have temperament; we are sentimental; we are strongly attached to place and to institutions. What we have we hold—apologies to the British bulldog. If we have been parochial we are becoming cosmopolitan. We may have had some bigotries; but you will find as many in other parts of Canada. No land is without them. But we wish to exchange ideas. We believe in Free Trade in ideas. We are coming to see the various parts of Canada and we want your English-speaking people to come down to Quebec and to see us. Come not only to Montreal, the great city, but to Quebec and to Sherbrooke. Come and see Sorel and Three Rivers—and above all do not fail to visit St. Johns and Iberville. Eh? So I will bid you good-day, for I am busy in Toronto—a very busy place and a beautiful city. I am glad to see it; glad to come back again when possible."

The blithesome dispenser of *bonhomie*, member for St. Johns and Iberville, took his leave, having spoken his mind without premeditation and without prejudice.

The Race of Parliaments

THE race of the railroads and the rivalry of new towns in the west is no more of a rush than the race between the two provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, for the building of legislatures and universities. Each of these provinces began business at the same time; both with a good start and both forging ahead with remarkable rapidity. Two days elapsed between the laying of the corner-stone at Edmonton and that at Regina. It is which and tother as to which will have the finer capitol. Each is to cost more than a million; each has been the result of study abroad; each designed by a Canadian architect and each built by a Grit Government. Each also had the Governor-General at the laying of the corner stone.

Messrs. E. and W. S. Maxwell of Montreal are responsible for the Regina capitol. Three architects conspired to produce that of Edmonton; provincial architect A. M. Jeffers, along with Wm. Fingland, structural engineer, of Winnipeg, and the whole design under the revision of Prof. Nobbs of McGill University. Edmonton has chosen the finest site—which was fully described nearly two years ago in the *CANADIAN COURIER*; the flats of the Hudson's Bay Company fort by the Saskatchewan.

Both cities gave themselves over to a public holiday and in each place there was a programme of festivities that might have done credit to even New York at the Hudson-Fulton fete.