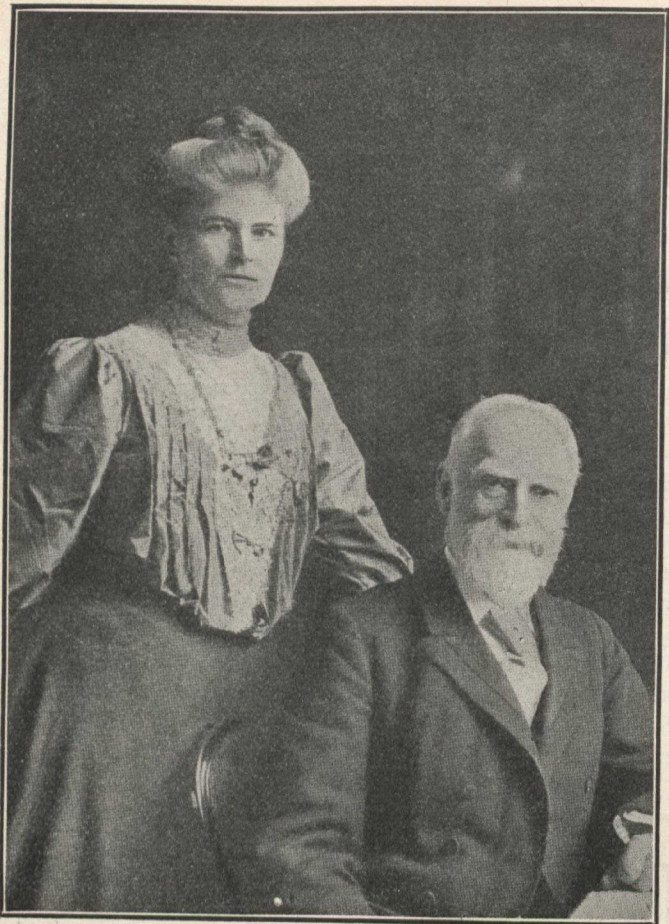




Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, the new hosts of the British Embassy at Washington.

"Pardon me, Professor Jones, but how large is your faculty?" The president reddened a tinge. "Well," he said, nervously, "at present there are only two—myself and Mrs. Jones. But," enthusiastically, "we shall have a third before three years are gone!"

The small university has its place in the world. But in the great West most of us will see some day prosperous institutions which will be the young but worthy rivals of the great fabrics of Toronto and McGill, Laval and Queen's.

The New Ambassador

THAT a man of letters should be chosen instead of a member of the diplomatic service to represent Great Britain at the court of Washington (will our United States readers please excuse the phrase?) has occasioned much comment. The only excuse seems to be that Mr. Hay, a distinguished literary man, represented Washington in London and that compliments should be exchanged. Perhaps the real truth is that there was no suitable diplomat available to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand and that, as author of "The American Commonwealth," and a sincere admirer of the Republic, Mr. Bryce was likely to be acceptable. Moreover, Washington is an important world-capital, and the diplomacy there is becoming more and more important.

There has been some talk of a Canadian coadjutor for Mr. Bryce. This would doubtless please this country, but it may be doubted if it would be workable. The experiment might be tried, for certainly the questions which come up will often be Canadian. Even if this does not occur, it is likely that Mr. Bryce will carefully guard colonial interests. He knows Canada fairly well.

In stature Mr. Bryce is small, his face is thin and angular, his eyebrows shaggy and his general appearance and manners those of a diffident college professor. His strength, and he has strength, is carefully concealed. The writer discussed British postage, on periodicals mailed to Canada, with him in 1905 at a private dinner and

found him open-minded and considerate—even to an unknown and over-enthusiastic colonial.

Little has been written about Mrs. Bryce—Her Excellency, as she must now be called. I believe her mother was American born, but she herself is of Manchester. Mr. Bryce did not marry until seventeen years ago, when he already had a reputation as an historian and politician. The younger Elizabeth Marian Ashton had thus a task to fit herself in with a ready-made career. Like most English women, she knew politics well and has apparently found little difficulty in accommodating herself to her new conditions. As a political hostess both in London and Dublin, she has made a success.

The Chase for Peace

MR. W. T. STEAD, who loves to travel by lime-light, has sent forth a message from Rome in which he proposes an international pilgrimage of peace, in which notable persons from all over the world would take part, to start from the United States for The Hague, by way of London, Paris and Rome, and to arrive at the Netherlands capital at the time the second peace conference assembles there.

Who would go on this modern crusade? President Roosevelt has declared in favour of the strenuous life with peace thrown in but he is entirely too busy for stray adventures such as this. Probably Mr. Stead and Mr. Andrew Carnegie would have the pilgrimage to themselves, which would be an excellent thing for the rest of the world, which is rather weary of Stead's scolding and Andrew's Views on everything, from Homer to the Himalayas.

Some of these apostles of peace remind one of the Irish school-master who declared that he always had peace even if he had to thrash every boy in the school. The noisy insistence on the quality is not consistent with its nature and it is rather curious that dissension follows the entrance and utterance of the professional exponents of "calm." It is just possible that peace, like mercy, is not strained and "droppeth * * * from Heaven upon the place beneath."

The last peace conference was regarded by many hopeful observers as a kind of curtain-raiser for the Millennium. But a gloomy philosopher remarks, concerning the last eight years, that the very talk about peace seemed to set the nations quarrelling. The United States had an interesting six months with Spain, Britons and Boers found it necessary to vote by bullets and Japan straightway showed Russia that the Orient is not always to play the part of passive resister. We are all fond of peace if we can have it and the earth at the same time. Let us love one another, keep our powder dry and have the very latest thing in submarine destroyers.

J. G.



British Embassy at Washington