

introduced. Strangers are felt to be rather suspicious characters, who render house-dogs necessary. Out in Canada the idea seems to be that all men are brothers. The population of that country is like a gigantic family of 8,000,000 friends. Everybody goes about with an isn't-it-nice-to-be-alive and a you-really-must-stop-to-dinner sort of air.

I think the climate has a good deal to do with it. It is a lively, refreshing climate. A great majority of the hours of sunlight are hours of sunshine, alike in the seven green months and the five white ones. There is nothing like sunshine and dry air for making people hearty, healthy, and happy. Those two conditions, and the fact that industry commands a sure and ample reward, have produced in Canada a nation of optimists.

Mr. Kipling has announced that the Dominion "ultimately must assume nothing less than the very headship of the Empire." Speaking in Canada, Lord Northcliffe said: "It is more than possible that, in the perhaps not far distant future, the force of circumstances may cause the centre of the British Empire to come here." A distinguished literary Canadian assured me that the King and the Imperial