

## THE FUTURE OF CANADA

Bourassa agrees that the future for Canada ought to be Imperial partnership or independence—with more than one chance of being annexation to the United States. He stands for independence and, short of it, for Imperial partnership. He discusses both with equal freedom. "I have nothing to conceal", is the profession of his frankness, which is not all pure cussedness. An orator like Bourassa is not fond of unpopularity and obloquy. When he says that he has been scalded by Ontario journalists he shows more, perhaps, of his temper than he supposes. He may have some of Stead's love of shocking the unco' proper—he likes to make your flesh creep now and then. His own feeling towards the British Empire in distress is that of the surgeon in the operating theatre rather than that of the lover at the bedside of the stricken fair.

It boots nothing to gnash your teeth at that, for a point of view cannot always defeat nature. It works this way—when an orator exhorts us to fight for the Empire which our race has made, he appeals to all our British instincts and experience. But he cannot in the same breath appeal identically to a French man who is not full partaker of our racial pride. He cannot thrill to the story of the Cape of Good Hope, of the occupation of Australia, of the creation of New Zealand within living memory, of the achievement of Plassy, and the completeness of Omdurman. Indeed, he knows that in the surge of glory that comes upon his fellow-Canadians as the long swell of the Indian Ocean drenches the shore of East London and Port Natal, there are elements which dash against his racial consciousness. Even Sir John Willison would scarcely sing "Twas in Trafalgar Bay" to a Parisian crowd in l'Avenue de l'Opéra. In Place Jacques Cartier there is a Nelson monument, which, on the side facing the Montreal City Hall, has an inscription telling how the Incomparable Seaman destroyed the French fleet in 1805. It was not thought expedient to chisel the inscriptions in French.

## THE CANADIAN FEELING

Excellent Imperialists, like Sir Rider Haggard, who habitually speak of Canada as if there were only mental Londoners within our gates, may suppose that 2,500,000 Canadians of French descent are an accident in the Confederation, just as they may feel like applying the standards of Australia, where the prevailing accent is of Piccadilly, to South Africa, where the Dutch who love South Africa first, vastly outnumber the English who habitually speak of the United Kingdom as "home". But the more Canada is thought of as an emulator of Britain the more distinctly Canadian will the French who listen to Bourassa insist on being. A Canadian who derives from the Clyde, and who delights to be photographed in Glaswegian kilts, can scarcely complain if the Canadian who derives from Jacques Cartier and Champlain likes to clothe his thoughts in the language of Normandy.