

in a struggler, we may gain more for ourselves. Bear ye one another's burdens has a religious sanction but it also has a philosophic and economic sanction. It is altruistic but it is also selfish.

MONTREAL AND EXPORT GRAIN

MONTREAL'S particular ambition is to have the grain of the West pass that way—not only the wheat of Western Canada, but the corn and wheat of the Mississippi Valley. It watches every move made by Buffalo, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Portland with a great deal of concern and anxiety. For years it has been bombarding the Dominion Government for improved harbour facilities and an improved channel from St. Helen's Island to Three Rivers. It has been the chief agent in the agitation which led to the deepening of the canals between Lake Ontario and Montreal harbour. It has kept alive the new Welland Canal idea and it has not discouraged the Georgian Bay canal agitation.

If Montreal could have its way to-day, it would probably bend the National Transcontinental at Lake Abitibi and divert it from Northern Quebec to the Ottawa Valley and Montreal. It would treble the trans-shipping facilities of its own harbour, would build a new Welland Canal and get the Georgian Bay waterway under construction. Omitting the first item, the other three would probably entail an expenditure of about \$200,000,000. Montreal would go farther. It would compel all railways and steamboats owned and operated in Canada to carry grain from the West at a rate lower than that available via Buffalo and New York or any other United States route. Having done all this, it would probably succeed in making itself the greatest grain port in North America.

The ambition is not wholly improper. A nation's ambition is composed mainly of a large number of local ambitions. If Montreal succeeds in accomplishing all or even a large part of its programme it will have performed a national service. In building itself, it helps to build up Canada.

The diverting of the Transcontinental to Montreal is impossible; the Georgian Bay Canal may or may not be feasible, but it involves an expenditure which Canada cannot afford until the success of the National Transcontinental is assured. To undertake it now would strain the national credit to the breaking point. Eliminating the Georgian Bay Canal reduces the proposed expenditure to twenty-five millions for harbour improvements and twenty-five millions for a new Welland Canal. If these investments secure the objects aimed at, no one can have much objection to them. The harbour improvements are certainly advisable. A new and deeper Welland Canal seems absolutely necessary, if the larger boats are not to continue to make Buffalo their destination, instead of Kingston, Brockville and Prescott.

As to grain rates to Montreal, these should be under the supervision of the Railway Commission, so that any benefits gained to the country by improved canals and harbours shall go to increase the farmers' profits, not the steamboat owners'. If grain can be carried profitably from Fort William at $3\frac{1}{2}$, or $4\frac{1}{4}$, or even $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents per bushel, the transportation companies should not be allowed to charge seven cents. If one-third of the outward-bound Canadian grain is being sent via Buffalo because of the cupidity of the Dominion Marine Association, as charged by the *Montreal Herald*, then it is time for the Dominion Government to interfere.

It is just as essential to Canada to have a properly-equipped and unrivalled summer port as it is to have adequate railway and canal service. Therefore every portion of Canada is interested in having Montreal develop the trade to which it seems fairly entitled. Where its development would work injustice to Quebec, St. John, Kingston, Toronto or any other city, it will not have the national support. Where overly ambitious schemes, such as the Georgian Bay Canal, are proposed, the national approval will not be forthcoming. For all reasonable proposals, there will, however, always be a sympathetic national consideration.

PROVINCIAL OR COSMOPOLITAN

THIS is the season when the young Canadian who left Brownsville or Jonesburg years ago for city scenes returns for a few days to his home village to dazzle the natives with his metropolitan clothes and accent. If he has been away for only a year or two, he is extremely supercilious and aloof, remarking on the "quaintness" of everything in the old town and delivering himself of the time-worn remark that he would rather be a lamp-post in New York than a citizen in Jonesburg. But his most crushing adjective as applied to

the early inhabitants is "provincial." The young man may have been associating with a set in the city whose idea of civilisation is made up of musical comedy, cocktails and lobster a la Newburg. The quiet parson of Jonesburg may have a library in which the returned exile would be utterly an alien, but the latter pursues his patronising way among the "back numbers" of his native town, leaving disgusted friends and relatives when he finally shakes off the very dry dust of the village streets and departs for the metropolis which has been all unheeding of his absence.

However, if the youth possess any possibility of discernment, he may return to Jonesburg ten years later in a more chastened spirit, willing to learn certain things of such village fathers as are yet alive. He may find as much enjoyment in quiet lanes as on the city pavement and may conclude that the inhabitants of the village do not altogether miss the things which spell Life. Provincialism is a spirit, not a place. The man who considers that London, New York, Paris, Berlin and Vienna make up the universe and contain the only human beings worthy of consideration is about as limited in his range of comprehension and sympathy as the farmer who thinks that everything outside his township is inferior or barbarous. The true cosmopolitan is just as much at home with the Indian guide of Temagami or the post-master of Jonesburg as he is with the crowds of "streaming London's central roar." It is the half-baked citizen who pats his native village on the back and wonders how such a place came to send forth such a fine fellow as he. Wherefore, let the returned villager beware of idle cynicism for by their sneers ye shall know them.

AN UNGRACIOUS EPISTLE

THAT sprightly publication, *Le Nationaliste*, has not covered itself with glory by its open letter to the Prince of Wales, representing the French-Canadians as entirely out of sympathy with the recent celebration at Quebec and finding fault with the Governor-General for associating with the Tercentenary week the dedication of the Battlefields Park. It was hardly to be expected that such an extensive celebration should be carried out with perfect harmony, that there should be no discordant note. But the ordinary citizen may well wonder why this babyish plaint of *Le Nationaliste* was not heard a week earlier. Certainly it does not voice the sentiment of the French-Canadians who witnessed the processions in memory of the great explorers of their race, and who recognised the sentiment of impartial honour to the brave which led British and French to commemorate the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye, the deeds of Montcalm and Wolfe. His Excellency, the Governor-General, took every pains to consult both French and British authorities in planning the pageant programme and it may safely be declared that in no other country in the world would such care have been taken to avoid anything which could hurt race susceptibilities. *Le Nationaliste* has shown an ungenerous and malicious spirit in seeking for offence where none existed, in striving to mar what was a happy and unifying event. The epistle so spitefully composed is both ungracious and unnecessary and the writer thereof is not to be congratulated on either his taste or his discretion. There was no "horrible spectre" of militarism at the Quebec celebration—merely a jolly crowd of sailors from three great countries mingling with Canada's citizen soldiery in a spirit of international good-will. *Le Nationaliste* has a wonderful capacity for seeing dangers which do not exist and for detecting animosities which no other glance discovers. It may have its petty race grievance all to itself for no one else appears to share in the agitation.

THE PRINCE AND THE FRENCH TONGUE

HOWEVER republican modern France may be, the speech of the country is likely to be described for many a day as the language of courts. The country of Talleyrand has given the world the language of diplomacy and politeness. During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales at Quebec, several dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church remarked with satisfaction on His Royal Highness' ready use of the French tongue and his apparent enjoyment of conversation in that language. In this respect the Prince of Wales sets an example to many Canadians of British descent who, it seems, are too indifferent to become acquainted conversationally with any language but their own. The education of young Canadians is decidedly lacking in practical modern language instruction, as the High School graduate discovers, when he attempts to put his "exercises" into practice. If it were only for the pleasure of reading the works of some of our own poets in the original, it would be worth while for the modern citizen of this dual-tongued Dominion to learn the language of Frechette.