

hence liable to have their populations, post-office revenue, customs due, bank clearings, building statistics and so on, placed in juxtaposition. Montreal beats Toronto at every point, except in the matter of clean streets and an annual industrial exhibition.

The latest form of rivalry is in the strength of its citizen soldiery. The other Sunday, the Toronto garrison turned out on church parade some 3,135 strong. It was the largest army Toronto had ever exhibited and the newspapers talked about it. One hundred thousand citizens lined the streets, since it was a lovely May day, and every one was proud.

A week later, Montreal had a similar annual church parade with General Buchan in command, and once more it proved its superiority by a muster of 3,364 of all ranks, or 200 more than Toronto. Further, the crowd on the streets was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, or fifty thousand more than Toronto. The muster is interesting and was made up as follows:

Staff	15
Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers	579
Infantry Brigade (1st, 3rd, 5th)	1,482
Probational Brigade	326
Second Infantry Brigade (65th and Cadets)	912
Veterans	50
	<hr/> 3,364

It will now be Toronto's proud privilege to make another attempt.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GRUMBLING

BRITISH COLUMBIA should avoid getting a reputation as a grumbler. For years that province has maintained that it should get "better terms." It got them, and still it is not satisfied. It has complained about the Japanese and Hindoos and has set the whole machinery of government working overtime on its behalf. It caused a Cabinet minister to go from Ottawa to Tokio to discuss Japanese immigration and a deputy minister to go to London to consult with the British Government as to the Hindoos. It is still pursuing a policy of muttering under its breath as to the policy of the Dominion Government in several particulars.

Vancouver, where most of the trouble originates, has really no more trouble with immigrants than has Toronto, Winnipeg or Montreal. During the past winter both Toronto and Winnipeg have dispensed fully as much charity in looking after indigent newcomers as has Vancouver. Of course, Toronto and Winnipeg are larger and wealthier cities, but Vancouver cannot and would not plead poverty.

Let us meet all our national problems in a sympathetic and broad-minded spirit, with due consideration for the country as a whole. Each province has a right and a duty to keep its particular needs before the people of the other provinces and before the Dominion authorities. This necessity does not require more than plain argument and certainly does not justify continuous grumbings about "unfair treatment."

THE CALL FOR LITERATURE

THE vexed question of whether Canada has a literature is becoming almost as threadbare as the school-boy debates on Mary Stuart's execution, and the comparative virtues of country and city life. A Toronto paper was complacent enough to say that Mrs. Humphry Ward lectured on "The Peasant in Literature" in a country which possesses neither peasants nor literature. Are we not over-watchful of what we are pleased to term our literature? When we cease from pulling it up and examining the roots, the tender plant may have a chance to bloom bravely. We are in danger of insisting that there must be a Great Canadian Novel, after the fashion of some of our neighbours who are so busy in trying to discern a masterpiece of fiction in a story by Mr. Winston Churchill (not the member for Dundee) or by Mrs. Edith Wharton that they forget the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne. When a great poem or novel is produced in Canada, it will be written by one who has not heeded the cries of the market-place, who has not heard the urgent demand for "Canadian" colour, but who has written for the world the things which he found in his own realm of the imagination. Those who are so persistent in asking for a literature appear to regard it as so much cheese, flour or pork. Literature is not a matter of order—not though Mr. Andrew Carnegie or Mr. John Rockefeller be the man who demands its production and who fancies that he may create a market. "Best-sellers" we have every year but a great book is another matter. Let us refrain from wailing for a startling "Canadian" novel which will be a jumble of the Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls and the tides of the Bay of Fundy. A vital work

of literature is broader and deeper than any race or country—it belongs to humanity and comes in answer to no local demand for "made-in-Canada" characters.

THE KING'S PLATE—A RACE

MANY people believe that horse-racing is immoral and yet horse-racing is one of the most popular of Anglo-Saxon sports. The journalist who is anxious to please all his subscribers and be counted a moral force in the community should never write on horse-racing, even when His Majesty's annual gift of fifty guineas forms part of the prize. It is really impossible for a man to be a great journalist or a great preacher and go to see a horse-race. This is one of the axioms or postulates of Canadian life.

Yet in spite of this circumstance, it is impossible to fail to notice that last Saturday was a great day in Canadian racing annals. The leading citizens of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other Canadian cities gathered at the Woodbine, Toronto, to see a number of two-year-old thoroughbreds compete for the forty-ninth time in a race known as the King's Plate. It may be that it is the confining of this race to Canadian-bred horses that is the justification which these leading citizens find for their conduct. Or it may be that they are, in the words of certain politicians, "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold." Whatever we may think of their conduct, it is quite true that cabinet ministers, judges, members of parliament, presidents of great railways and other lesser individuals attended this race-meet. Even His Excellency the Governor-General was present, with his state-coach brought from Ottawa for the occasion. They were all interested to discover whether or not Mr. Joseph Seagram, M.P., could win this race for the thirteenth time and they cheered when he accomplished the feat—the most marvellous racing feat in our records.

Of course, no great journalist could condone such a proceeding. We have no intention of defending Lord Grey, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Mr. D. D. Mann, and the various senators and publicists who attended that race-meet. We quite admit that it was not a Sunday-school affair and that it was not an event which is likely to assist in abolishing "the bar." We must also admit that these gentlemen would have been much better employed picking wild-flowers in the woods, or reading from *Hansard* some of the long speeches on the necessity for greater honesty in public life. They might have used their time to greater advantage in visiting the various political committee rooms throughout Ontario and Quebec where the two provincial governments are now on trial. We admit all this, but we still find it necessary to note that these gentlemen choose rather to don frock coats and top hats and spend an afternoon with their friends watching an exhibition of that wonderful sport which retains such a hold upon the affections of the British people. We cannot describe their sensations in detail for the reason already stated, that great journalists must not endanger their reputations by attending, even in a critical spirit, such foolish and worldly exhibitions.

SPORTS AND DULL TIMES

SPEAKING generally, most people will admit that this is not the briskest period in Canada's history. The times are not bad, but trade was brisker a year ago. Yet it is remarkable how liberal the public is in its patronage of amusement places and sporting events. In Toronto there were two baseball matches on Victoria Day and 10,000 people attended the morning event and 15,000 the afternoon game. At the same time, a large crowd watched the Olympic trials at Rosedale to see Lawson win the Marathon and Tait win the 1,500 metres flat race. With these two events in progress, eight thousand people attended the Woodbine races and many thousands visited various excursion points. These numbers are large for Toronto, and indicate that the general public is not feeling despondent and is not anxious about to-morrow. In Montreal and elsewhere, the experience is similar.

It is an excellent indication of the spirit of the Canadian people that it is not inclined to mope even under circumstances which have been somewhat trying. While the immigration from the United States is holding its own, the total immigration shows a decline. Foreign trade is declining. It is not so easy to place bonds abroad. Yet the prospect of a bumper crop, the excellent undertone of local and inter-provincial trade, and the general faith of the people more than overcome any adverse conditions. Canada is happy and joyful and her people are willing to celebrate on holidays with even more fervour than on any former occasion.