

A VOICE FROM THE EAST

THERE are certain writers and talkers in Canada, who call themselves Nationalists. There are others who prefer the more ambiguous term of Nativists. The number of them is not great—by no means so great as the sound they produce or the volume of their pamphlets would appear to imply. In the mass of their contradictory utterances the one common note which they yield in unison is pitched to the high tone—"Canada a Nation."

Not content with the status of Canada as an integral part of the British Empire; unwilling to wait until the faint lines are obliterated, which still mark off "the colonial possessions" from each other, and from the "Islands across the Sea," and all will become one; they would hasten their dream that Canada shall have a distinct place amongst the nations of the world, enjoying all complete rights and privileges of "nationhood," such as those which have fallen to the lot of Guatemala or Peru.

In that day their spirits will no longer be irked by the rankling suggestion that England guarantees the inviolability of their coasts; that it is to a British consul a castaway Canadian seaman must apply for relief in his distress; or a Canadian seal-hunter for deliverance from a Russian prison. They will attend to these matters themselves and enforce their rights, not by an appeal to the brutal power of a flying squadron but in virtue of the sheer force and beauty of their national character. If the German Kaiser should lift up his fist they will send a Muskoka mosquito to bite it. If his high stomach is not reduced, and he laughs out the old song: "*C'est une puce qui m'a piqué*," then a surtax of 33 per cent. will be levied upon German goods entering Canada. If the impossible should happen, and he should not be persuaded to abandon his recalcitrancy by these